

The History of

Prin. Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came *Falstaffes* Sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said he would sweare truth out of *England*, but he would make you beleewe it was done in fight, and perswaded us to doe the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that. I did not this seven yeares before, I blush to heare his monstrous devices.

Prin. O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeares ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, doe you see these meteors? doe you behold these exhalations?

Poin. I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Livers, and cold purses.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken,

Enter Falstaffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter. Heere comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bones. How now sweete creature of Bombast, how long is't agoe, *Iacke*, since thou sawest thine owne Knee?

Fals. My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeeres (*Hall*) I was not an Eagles tallon in the waste: I could have crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of sighing and griefe, it blowes a man up like a bladder. Ther's villanous news abroad, here was Sir *Iohn Braby* from your father: you must goe to the Court in the morning. The same mad fellow of the North *Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the divell his true liegeman upon the Crosse of a Welsh-hook; what a plague call you him?

Poy. O, *Glendower*!

Fal. Owen *Glendower*, the same, and his sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly *Scot* of *Scottes*, *Dowglas*, that runs a horsebacke up a hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high speede, and with a pistoll killes a Sparrow flying.

Fals.

Henry

Fals. You have hit it.

Prin. So did he never th

Fals. Well, that rascall l
runne.

Prin. Why; what a rasc
running?

Fals. A horse-backe (ye
budge a foote.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, upon in

Fals. I grant ye, upon in
Mordake, and a thousand
away by night, thy fathers f
you may buy Land now as

Prin. Then 'tis like, if the
buffeting hold, we shall
nayles, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the Masse, Lad, th
good trading that way. Bu
afear'd? thou being Heire a
out three such enemies aga
Percy, and that divell *Glend*

doth not thy blood thrill a

Prin. Not a whit yfaith:

Fals. Well, thou wilt be
thou comest to thy Father
answere.

Prin. Do thou stand for
particulars of my life.

Fals. Shall I? content
Dagger my Scepter, and th

Prin. Thy State is taken
ter for a leaden Dagger, an
tifull bald Crowne.

Fals. Well, and the fi
now shalt thou be moved
mine eyes looke redde, th
For I must speake in passio
ses veine.